

HOW TRUSTS HAVE GROWN DURING TEN YEARS.

The growth of trusts is shown by the fact that during the last decade nearly a hundred corporations have been formed, each with a capital of over ten million dollars. And this minimum sum, \$10,000,000, sinks into insignificance when compared with the capitalization of some of the more recent monster trusts, among which is one with a capital of \$170,000,000, another with \$400,000,000, and still another, the famous Steel Trust, with ONE BILLION, ONE HUNDRED MILLION DOLLARS. Of the corporations organized since Jan. 1, 1899, with a capital of \$10,000,000 or over, only eight were capitalized at the minimum sum, and the average for the eighty odd was in excess of \$50,000,000.

GIRL TELLS OF
VAN COTT'S LOSS

Charles A. Hess, Attorney for Postmaster, Declares Miss Ranney Said She Made Up Books on Gridley's Order.

MAY NOT PROSECUTE HER.

According to Lawyer Charles A. Hess, Miss Edna Ranney, bookkeeper for the National Mercantile Agency, who was brought here from Syracuse on a warrant charging her with having falsified the books of the company to permit the misappropriation of \$21,126.21, said to-day that all entries in the concern's books she made at the direction of Gridley.

Mr. Hess represents Postmaster Cornelius Van Cott, whose savings of a lifetime have been swept away through the alleged misappropriation of funds for which Willis T. Gridley, a wealthy Syracuse lawyer, is now under \$4,000 bonds.

"Miss Ranney has admitted that everything she did with the books she did under Mr. Gridley's instructions," said Mr. Hess. "Her confession is practically the same she made to the board of directors of the company. The point on which this prosecution is based was the transposition of \$18,900 due Mr. Van Cott to the credit of Mr. Gridley, making Mr. Van Cott a creditor of the company for over \$3,000. She admits that all the entries and insertions in the books were of her making and all under Gridley's direction.

Blames All on Gridley.

"I did not wish to prosecute the young woman, as I felt that Gridley alone was responsible. He had brought her down from Syracuse and given her the position and she felt under obligations to him and obeyed him implicitly. But it was necessary for the purposes of this prosecution to have her here, and I secured the warrant against her. Gridley belongs to an extremely wealthy family and will fight this prosecution bitterly. We had to rely on the girl's testimony to make our case.

"The books of the National Mercantile Agency are now in the hands of the Trustee in Bankruptcy and are being examined by experts. Before they get through it is likely that the shortage will be found to be close to \$50,000, and several prominent business men of this city who have kept their connection with the company secret will be among the losers.

Got Van Cott's Name.

"When the company was started Willis T. Gridley, his mother and another relative were the principal stockholders. A year ago Postmaster Van Cott was taken in. When Gridley needed his name on notes he foolishly gave it. He has paid out every cent he has and still owes \$3,000. Gridley, who is wealthy, has refused to bear his share of the burdens. Some of the notes outstanding against Mr. Van Cott are held by Gridley's mother and brother."

Miss Ranney was not arraigned in Centro Street Court to-day, as she had been privately admitted to bail. She is stopping at the home of Rev. W. I. Southern, at No. 61 South Elliot Place, Brooklyn. She left there early to-day to see her counsel. With Mr. Gridley she will have a preliminary hearing Friday afternoon.

CASTRO AGREES
TO ARBITRATION

Venezuelan President Notifies Secretary Hay that He Accepts the General Principles of the Proposition.

WILL NOTIFY EUROPE TO-DAY

WASHINGTON, Dec. 31.—The answer of President Castro to the proposals of the allies to submit to the arbitration of the Hague tribunal the Venezuelan difficulties has reached Washington through Minister Bowen. The answer amounts to a general acceptance of the principles of the proposition. President Castro being willing to submit his case to the arbitration of the fair and impartial authorities.

The details of the answer will not be published here in advance of its reception by the European allied powers, and for that it may be withheld entirely from publication on the ground that it really belongs to those powers.

To-day the answer is being prepared at the State Department for transmission to Europe. Undoubtedly will require careful consideration by the Foreign Offices at London, Berlin and Rome, it is not expected that any further steps toward a final settlement can be taken for a day or two. The feeling here is based on a knowledge of Castro's position, is that this answer practically clears the way for the submission of the case to arbitration. The answer has given great satisfaction.

Firemen Hurt by Falling Walls.

MILWAUKEE, Dec. 31.—Seven firemen were injured by falling walls to-day as a fire which had been got under control broke out of the men who die.

DEFIED COURT
AND KEPT ON HAT

Samuel Kommer Ruffed Magistrate Pool's Dignity and Stood on Religious Rights When Told to Remove Hat.

POLICEMEN FELT HIS IRE.

Samuel Kommer, proprietor of the Occidental Hotel, at Broome street and the Bowery, went to the Centro Street Court to-day to get bail for John Foley, one of his bartenders, accused of violating the Excise law.

Kommer sauntered into court with his hat on. Magistrate Pool was on the bench. He was in a particularly peevish mood. The court officers, noting Kommer's infraction of court etiquette, made frantic signals for him to take off his hat. Kommer paid no attention but continued on his way to the clerk's desk.

Then Magistrate Pool looked up and saw Kommer. He adjusted his spectacles and took another look.

Court Orders Hat Off.

"Take off your hat," he snapped. "It is against my religion," responded Kommer.

"Take off your hat," cried the Magistrate, angrily.

"Any place of worship I can go in I keep my hat on," returned Kommer, making no effort to remove the offending tile.

"Humph!" grunted Magistrate Pool. "The Son of God never wears a hat."

"I can't help that," replied Kommer calmly. "I've got to keep my hat on."

And keep it he did. He signed the bond and walked out of court, while the policemen and spectators, convulsed with glee, made mental note of the fact that here was the only man that ever defied Magistrate Pool and got away with it.

A moment later Magistrate Pool reopened the case of Salvatore Dematteo, an Italian who had been fined \$2 on Monday morning on a charge of drunkenness.

Dematteo had been found at Prince street and Bowery Sunday night, fighting drunk. He gave Policemen Kavanaugh and Richards of the Mulberry street station, a hard tussle to get him to the station.

Magistrate Pool fined Dematteo \$2. The Italian paid it and walked out of court. Later he came back with a letter, and Magistrate Pool returned the case to-day.

Policemen Kavanaugh gave his testimony, and then the Magistrate asked Policemen Richards on the bridge.

"What are you doing here?" he shouted.

"I was helping Kavanaugh. I had orders to keep that corner clear because there had been a grabbing case there some time ago and."

"Keep quiet. I don't believe you. You suppose too much and you talk too much. Case is dismissed and fine remitted."

Dematteo left the bridge all smiles. He was asked if he had been arrested before.

"Yes," he exclaimed. "A million times. I was arrested for murdering a woman in Billy McGilroy's old saloon. I was arrested for violating the election law. I was arrested for being drunk. I had drunk to-day. What I care for Tom Platt or Dick Croker or Tim Sullivan or any of those fellows who are so full of themselves."

Grace for Parlor Match.

The time limit for the sale of parlor matches has been extended by the Municipal Explosive Commission to March 31, 1921. Copies of a resolution to that effect were sent by the Bureau of Comptroller to those interested in the sale of the matches. The resolution adds:

"On or before that time a new regulation for the sale of this subject will be promulgated by this commission."

These new regulations are in the hands of Mayor Low. Fire Commissioner Sturgis, chairman of the commission, said that he could give no further information about them until the Mayor had acted.

LORENZ SAYS HIS FAREWELL---GIVES
TEN IMPRESSIONS IN TEN MINUTES.

The Great Surgeon Marvels at the General Hurry in This Country, and Despite of the Rush the General Appreciation of Scientific Work.

Dr. Adolph Lorenz sailed for Europe to-day on the White Star liner Celtic, which left her dock at daybreak. His assistant, Dr. Muller, accompanied him.

After attending a performance of "The Girl with the Green Eyes" at the Savoy Theatre last night Dr. Lorenz and Dr. Muller drove to the pier with Dr. and Mrs. Joseph Brittauer. After reaching the steamer Dr. Lorenz said:

"I shall be glad to get back to my wife and Vienna, but I am really sorry to leave America. Next winter I expect to return to this side of the Atlantic. I will go to the West Indies, and I can hardly keep from running up to New York to see my friends here."

Though almost every second of Dr. Adolph Lorenz's time up to the hour of sailing was taken up in receiving farewell calls from a host of famous surgeons and physicians and New York's distinguished citizens, he managed to squeeze out ten minutes in which he talked for The Evening World on ten different subjects, giving approximately one minute to each subject which impressed him during his visit to this country.

FIRST MINUTE.

The General Hurry.

The morning I arrived in New York, though but a few hours elapsed before I was whisked away to Chicago, I marvelled at the general bustle and hurry which I could not help but observe on all sides. Nowhere could I see any signs of leisure, and, as for laziness, the very atmosphere seemed imbued with a something that would quicken the sluggish into restless activity.

Men, women and children—they all seemed bent upon squeezing the greatest amount of energy into the least possible time. Even abroad I had read of the American people's leisure class, and suppose that there is one secluded away in the remote corners of your great cities. But, if there is, they certainly must be extremely secluded, for during the few months I have been here I have seen none of them.

SECOND MINUTE.

Universal Appreciation of Science.

When I came here to perform an operation on the little Armour child I had a vague idea that at least the surgeons and physicians of the country would take an interest in my work, as I knew that they had been following my bloodless method for the past few years. I also thought that some of the people—those who follow closely every step forward that science makes—might take a passing interest in my work.

But never for an instant did I dream that this interest would be almost universal, reaching down into the humblest classes. I had when I first realized that not hundreds, but millions were taking a deep interest in my operations. It dawned on me like a flash that the reason the United States is the great, prosperous country that it is lies in the keen interest all the people take in every advance made by science, no matter what branch it is.

THIRD MINUTE.

Tall Buildings.

As I entered New York Harbor I wondered what that towering white cliff was that I saw over the steamship's bow. I soon learned that it was made up of what you call your skyscrapers. Ah, yes, they are wonderful buildings, and I suppose they are necessary, but few of them are beautiful.

FOURTH MINUTE.

Wonderful Railroads.

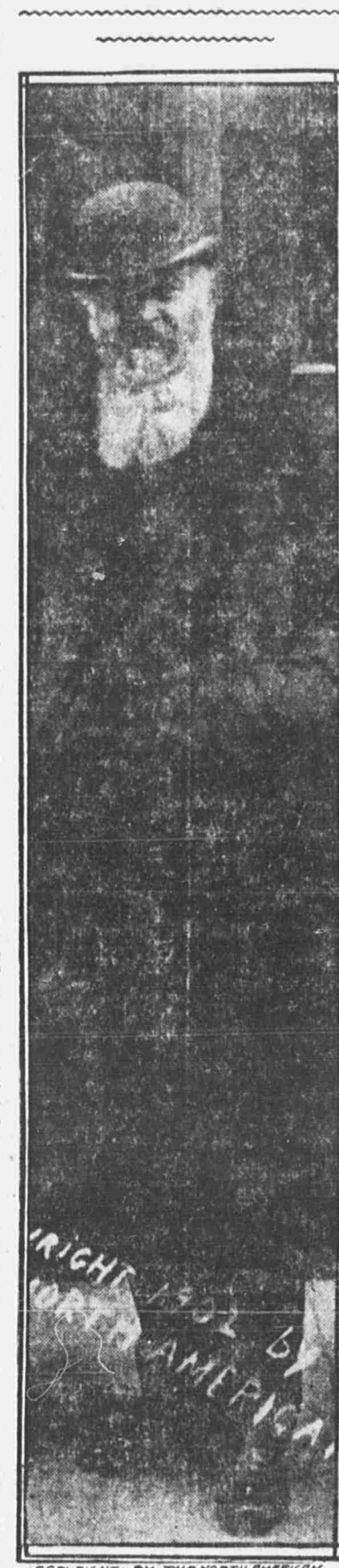
In the last few years we were beginning to be proud of our railroads in Europe. We believed we had made a great progress in that direction, but when I got aboard that marvellous train that flashed me out to Chicago I knew that we were still hopelessly behind America.

Your trains ride so smoothly, and still with such great speed. It is more like flying through the air than bounding over steel rails. Then the cars are so splendidly appointed—in a way which loses sight of no physical comfort. Human ingenuity may go a great way in the future, but I do not see how you are going to improve on what now almost reaches perfection.

FIFTH MINUTE.

The American Woman.

Though no man ever wishes to be disloyal to his country to the extent of admitting that more beautiful women can be found in any other country, I cannot help but say that the



DR. ADOLPH LORENZ, WHO LEFT FOR EUROPE TO-DAY ON THE WHITE STAR LINER CELTIC.

He Calls Chicago Provincial and Boston Slow, Praises Our Women, Railroads and Restaurants and Is Shocked by Our Car Jams.

American woman as a type possesses the rarest form of beauty than can be found in the fair sex in any nation on the globe. There is a freshness, a wholesomeness, a delicious glow of health about the women in this country that makes their beauty stand out in delightful relief. Of course, we have individual women of rare beauty, and so have other nations, but there is not the type that can be found here.

SIXTH MINUTE.

Restaurants and How the People Eat.

In no city in the world are there so many fine restaurants as I have seen in New York. But from what I have observed New Yorkers either do not appreciate them or else they are not so constituted as to take full enjoyment in a fine dinner served in luxurious surroundings.

The diners seem to rush in, devour their food and rush out again, so that it is a wonder to me that they preserve the general look of health that their appearance would indicate. This is especially so in the downtown restaurants, where I have seen many who were pointed out to me as possessed of great wealth dash into the dining room, shout out a hurried order and when it was brought before him devour it as if he was trying to get from under some calamity, and then dash out again. However, I am forced to admit that I saw at least half a dozen gourmards.

SEVENTH MINUTE.

New York Rapid Transit.

I read in the papers a few days ago of the general clamor of the New York people against their rapid-transit facilities and I asked a friend to take me on one of the trains during what you call the "rush hours."

Well, I am a pretty big man and possess at least ordinary strength, but when I got on one of those trains I was banded around as if I were the merest molecule in a turmoil of atoms. If the same thing existed in some European cities I think it would soon result in a riot of some kind, though millions of continentals bear their own peculiar burdens with remarkable complacency.

EIGHTH MINUTE.

Chicago.

My first individual observations of the American people at home were made in Chicago, and I am glad I came to New York for a short visit before returning home. Of course I do not mean to say that I did not meet many delightful people there. But the general appearance of the Chicagoans was not inspiring.

It might have been the smoke, or it might have been something else. There was what I might call a provincial air about them. Oh, there is no comparison between the two cities—New York and Chicago—though I must admit both seem to vibrate with the same pulse that accounts for the general prosperity.

NINTH MINUTE.

Boston.

Boston did not impress me as what I should expect of a great American city. It was more like a huge village that had suddenly had stone buildings, streets and houses dropped into it. There is a general air of sedateness about it that seemed to pervade everything.

Of course you could not help but see that the people were flourishing, but somehow you could not get away from the idea that they had always been that way. They did not inspire one with the idea that their own peculiar energy was responsible for their prosperity.

TENTH MINUTE.

The Press.

The American press is certainly the exponent of American thought, or I might go further and say that the American press is the inspiration of American thought. And the energy displayed by reporters is nothing short of a revelation to the European mind.

On the Continent if a reporter asks a question he is satisfied in simply asking and going away satisfied if he cannot have the answer immediately, or if he meets a slight rebuff.

But the American reporter does not seem to know what the word "rebuff" means. He will get an answer in spite of you and that by a peculiar ingenuity that it takes the quickest mind to grasp.

Then, as an educator of the people, your newspapers should be valued as probably your greatest institution.

For some weeks the officials of the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad have been busy arranging new schedules of wages, which will substantially increase the pay of a large percentage of the employees in all departments of the road. President Truesdale said to-day that this work has been practically completed and that the rates of pay as readjusted will be made effective to-morrow.

The percentages of increase vary in different departments and with different men or classes of employees, the ability and faithfulness of the individual employee being taken into consideration, as well as the general practicability.

According to an official statement, the new schedule taken in connection with previous increases made during the year 1920 will make the total increases approximately 15 per cent. The new schedule in the territory through which the Lackawanna runs have done in this direction.

Mr. Truesdale would not state definitely what these increases will aggregate per month or year, but it was ascertained that they will approximate \$500,000 a year.

MINERS STILL ON HOLIDAY.

But 15 Per Cent. Will Go to Work To-morrow.

(Special to The Evening World.)

WILKESBARRE, Dec. 31.—But 15 per cent. of the mine-workers in this section signified their intention of going to work to-morrow when canvassed by the mine foremen to-day, and operators fear that there will not be a full resumption of operations until next week, as about 15 per cent. have not yet returned from their Christmas vacation.

Justice McLaughlin Renamed.

ALBANY, N. Y., Dec. 31.—Gov. Odell to-day re-designated Justice Chester B. McLaughlin, of the Fourth Judicial District, as an Associate Justice of the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court. First Judicial Department, for the term of five years from Jan. 1.

Thirty Delinquents Get a Warning from Magistrate Mayo.

Thirty persons were arraigned before Magistrate Mayo in the Morrisania Court to-day on summonses for not having cleaned their sidewalks of snow after the recent storm.

All were discharged after a lecture from the Magistrate, who warned them not to let it happen again.

DOKTOR CATCH
LORENZ JOKE.

Jenkins Was a Victim to the Suggestion that the Doctor Would Straighten Crooks in the Tombs.

THEN HE SOUGHT REVENGE.

Jenkins is a well-to-do real-estate broker, with offices on Cedar street. He has a sharp and sagacious eye for bargains in houses and lots. He is a man of family and morals, and a kind father to three little Jenkinses.

And yet this morning what appeared to be the wreck of Jenkins, was discharged from the uptown police court on his promise of future good behavior.

Now Jenkins had started home with good intentions the night before, only to fall, dispirited wreck, by the wayside. And this is how it happened.

On his way to the Rector street station Jenkins met Tom Fredericks, a fellow broker. Fredericks is known to himself and others as a "wit," and he hailed Jenkins as a victim. He piloted him into a beverage parlor and plied him with a drink.

The victim, mellowed and unsuspecting, went like a lamb to the slaughter. "That Dr. Lorenz is a fine man," said Fredericks, "he has done some great work in this country."

"You bet he is," replied Jenkins. "I suppose he has sailed by this time."

"Oh, no! He has gone down to the Tombs to-day."

"Why, what for—what can he do there?"

The Seedy Joke.

The merciless light of triumph gleamed in Fredericks' eye. With outbursts of intonation and bitter sarcasm, he replied:

"To straighten out the crooks, of course."

Jenkins' face turned ghastly. He laughed maniacally and tried to feel good about it. But the iron had entered his soul.

"By golly, that's a good one—to straighten out the crooks! Gee, who would a thought of it. Let's have another drink on that."

Fredericks accepted the drink with jolly contentment. He had strung Jenkins and he knew it.

They parted, Jenkins, with bitterness in his heart, meandered up town. At the corner of Twenty-third street and Sixth avenue he met a friend. His heart thrilled with joy. He would wipe the ignominy from his own soul by transferring it to another.

The saloon was handy. They always are. "That Dr. Lorenz is a great man," Jenkins began, careless like. "He has gone down to the Tombs to-day."

"He is one of the world's greatest philanthropists," the friend replied. "We haven't got his equal in this country."

"That's right," resumed Jenkins, "he's gone down to the Tombs to-day."

Failed to Pass It Along.

"He is not receiving half enough attention from his fellow practitioners," said the dense friend. "In my opinion we cannot do enough for him."

Three times, and over three separate drinks, Jenkins threw out the lure that "Dr. Lorenz had gone down to the Tombs. Then he gave it up. The staid was still with his head bowed, and he met the next acquaintance at the Hoffman House bar. Without circumlocution he said:

"Dr. Lorenz has gone down to the Tombs to-day."

"Is that so?" replied the friend, innocently. "Well, he deserves a day off. He has worked harder than a hod carrier all for nothing."

More drinks and more futile attempts unnerved Jenkins. After surrounding several more libations he began to try it on bartenders.

"Dr. Lorenz's gone Tombs to-day," he said, confidentially to the drink dispenser at the Imperial hotel.

In Vain He Told.

"Hi—I say," responded the bartender, keeping size up Jenkins' drooping figure and lack-luster eye.

"What's the matter, Doc?" repeated Jenkins, holding up a vague finger, with which he cut a maulin monogram in the bartender's coat.

"You'll go to the dog house if you don't take them bundles to yer wife," replied the unfeeling barkeep.

Jenkins then descended on the Mari-haugh. He had resolved to adopt different tactics. He would be cautious. He carefully selected Tommy Lane from the many barkeepers cowering about, and said:

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